Bad Attitude

a lesbian sex magazine

Volume 2, Number 1
Fall 1985
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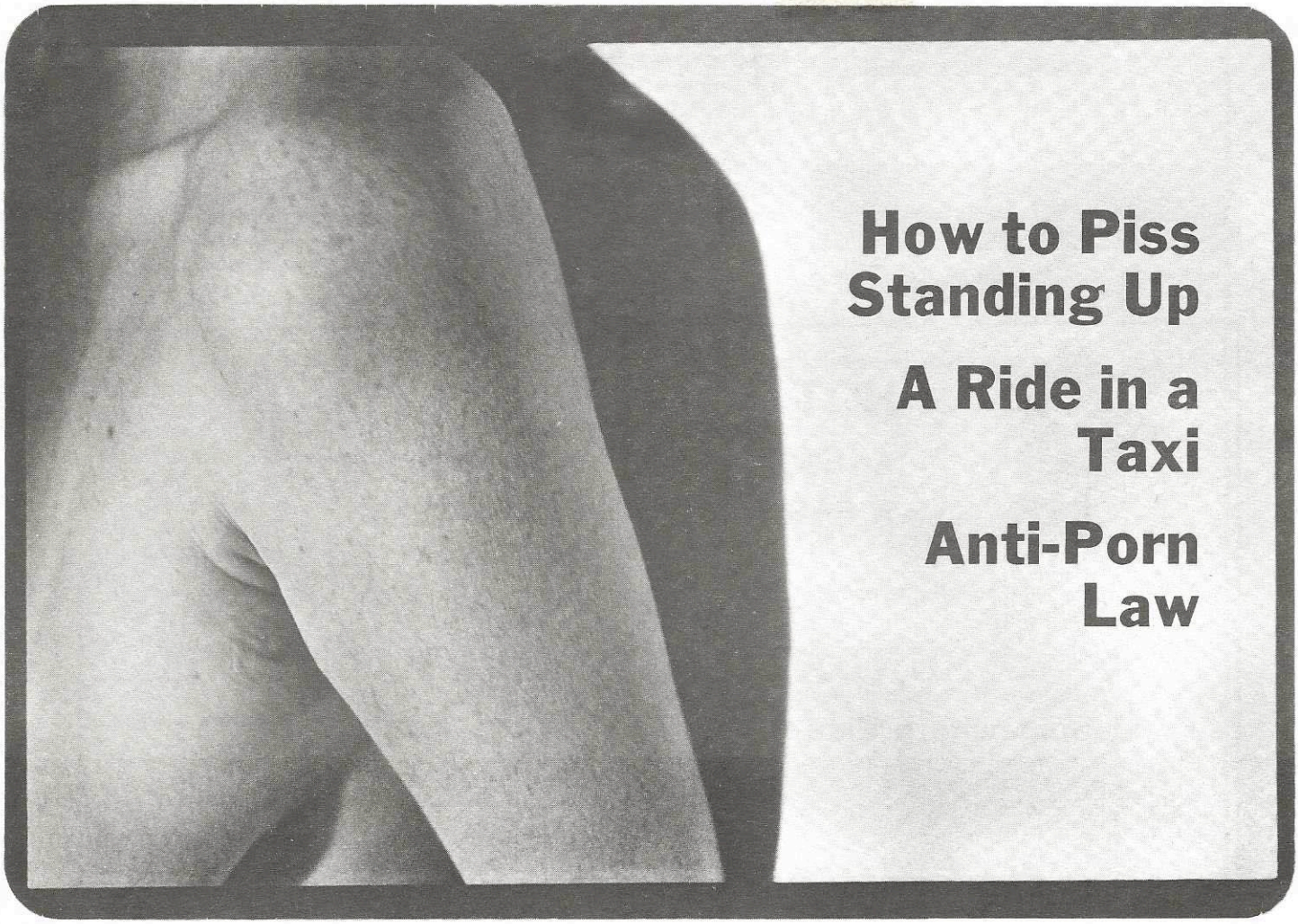

How to Piss Standing Up

A Ride in a Taxi

Anti-Porn Law

BAD ATTITUDE IS . . .

. . . in its second year as a more or less quarterly publication about lesbian sex. We would like to thank all the people who wrote stories and articles, helped us do layout and distribution, contributed money and subscribed to the magazine.

Bad Attitude encourages submissions from all lesbians, about all varieties of sexual experiences. They can be stories, fantasies, true life adventures, essays, poems, news flashes, advice, interviews, how-tos, letters to the editor, photographs, drawings, cartoons . . . Please do not send your only copy of an article. It's easiest for us to deal with manuscripts that are typed and include a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Photographers must obtain a signed release form from anyone they photograph.

Bad Attitude is edited by Amy Hoffman and Cindy Patton. We want to thank Donna Turley, Loie Hayes, Laura, and Christine Guilfoy for helping with proofreading, pasteup and distribution. This issue was designed by Cindy Patton and typeset by Vicki Gabriner at **Gay Community News**. South End Press was generous in allowing us to do additional typesetting and layout in their offices. **Bad Attitude** is supported by subscriptions and advertising revenue. This income does not cover our costs and we greatly appreciate the generosity of the people who contribute money to **Bad Attitude.** It is only because of these contributions that we are able to continue to publish. All the work of editing, writing and producing **Bad Attitude** is done by volunteers.

We call our magazine **Bad Attitude** because that's what women who take control of our own sexuality are told that we have.

—Amy Hoffman, Cindy Patton
November, 1985

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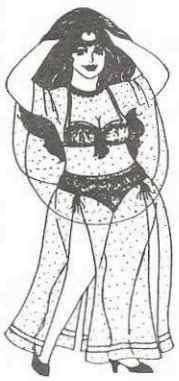

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letters

Motorcycle Maintenance

Hello!

I was at a workshop/reading/whatever in Toronto, the last day of the International Gay Association conference, where/when I was first introduced to the publication . . . so I bought the Spring 1985 issue.

I was most pleased to read Joan Nestle's History with Censorship. I'm only 25, so have not experienced the "McCarthy era," but one of the first things I learned when I "came out" was what is and is not Politically Correct. My lover's latest slogan is "women need to liberate themselves from themselves." (She's lucky cause she lived as a closet lesbian in small towns for 7 years, and is only now subjected to a community that shuns her art and tries unsuccessfully to tell her what to do.)

At last I have found something to counterbalance oppression around even talking about "sex," let alone descriptive passages!

At some point my lover and I may submit to *Bad Attitude*—we started an erotic/comedy, perhaps intertwined with household hints on keeping a motorcycle in one piece!!...

Thanks for producing *Bad Attitude*

Back Issues of **Bad Attitude** are available at $3.50 each. Volume 1, Numbers 1, 3 and 4 (2 is not available). Groups and bookstores are eligible for bulk discounts. Send checks or money orders to:

Bad Attitude
c/o GCN Box 69
167 Tremont Street
Boston, MA 02111

Narrow-Minded No More

To The Editors:

Your creation *Bad Attitude* is a refreshing approach to lesbian literature. I appreciate it. I learned from reading it how narrow minded I can be. I am impressed that the magazine exists. . . We all need enlightenment. I wish you continued success.

Soaked Panties

Dear Sisters:

A friend of mine shared with me her copy of Volume 1, Issue 3. I was delighted! I was aroused.

Your magazine is super! I think the photography, especially the pregnant lesbian photo is great.

I proudly proclaim I had soaked panties when I finished reading *Bad Attitude.*

Do not stop!

—A Fan

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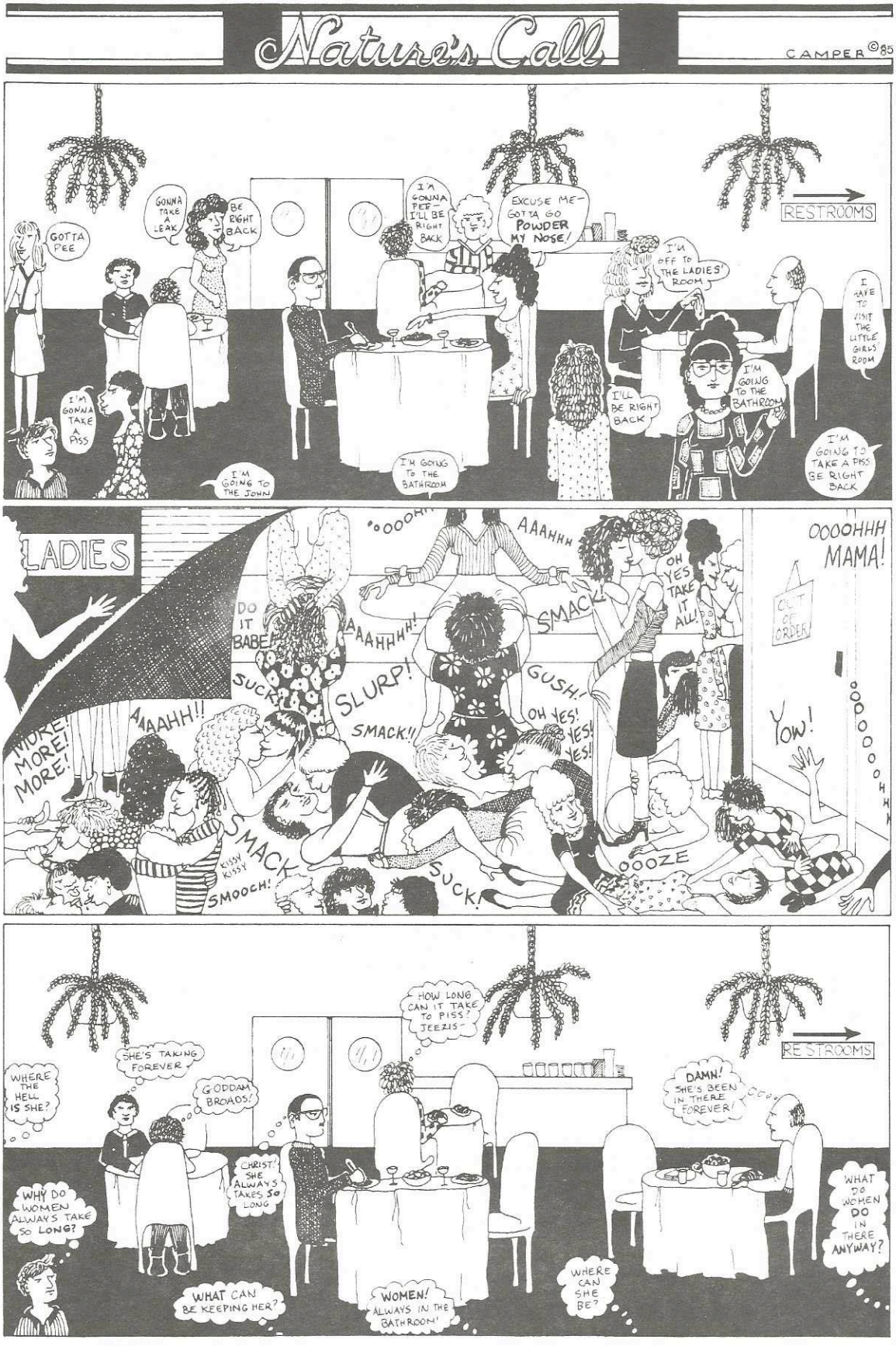
Nature's Call
CAMPER ©85
GOTTA PEE
GONNA TAKE A LEAK
BE RIGHT BACK
I'M GONNA TAKE A PISS
I'M GOING TO THE JOHN
I'M GONNA PEE— I'LL BE RIGHT BACK
EXCUSE ME— GOTTA GO POWDER MY NOSE!
I'M GOING TO THE BATHROOM
RESTROOMS
I'M OFF TO THE LADIES' ROOM
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK
I'M GOING TO THE BATHROOM
I HAVE TO VISIT THE LITTLE GIRLS ROOM
I'M GOING TO TAKE A PISS BE RIGHT BACK
LADIES
OOOOH!
AAAHHH
SMACK!
OH YES TAKE IT ALL!
OUT OF ORDER
OOOOHHH MAMA!
DO IT BABE!
AAAHHH!
SUCK!
SLURP!
GUSH!
OH YES! YES! YES!
MORE! MORE! MORE!
AAAAHH!!
SMACK!!
YOW!
OOOOOOOHHH
SMACK
KISSY KISSY
SMOOCH!
SUCK!
OOOZE
HOW LONG CAN IT TAKE TO PISS? JEEZIS—
SHE'S TAKING FOREVER
WHERE THE HELL IS SHE?
GODDAM BROADS!
CHRIST! SHE ALWAYS TAKES SO LONG
WHY DO WOMEN ALWAYS TAKE SO LONG?
WHAT CAN BE KEEPING HER?
WOMEN! ALWAYS IN THE BATHROOM!
WHERE CAN SHE BE?
DAMN! SHE'S BEEN IN THERE FOREVER!
RESTROOMS
WHAT DO WOMEN DO IN THERE ANYWAY?

Desperately Seeking Orgasm

By Jil Wolhandler

Have you ever been making love to someone (or to yourself) and all of a sudden mysteriously lost touch with that hot, swollen clitoris? No, you didn't do anything wrong. In fact, whatever you've been doing has urged her to a high enough state of arousal that orgasm can follow.

My own research agrees with that of Masters and Johnson. At a certain level of excitement the tip and shaft of the clitoris are pulled back under the hood up against the pubic bone, where they can't really be touched. The "disappearance" of the clitoris is often noticed but misinterpreted. Some women tend to stop what they are doing to hunt for it. Others intensify their activity, moving faster and pressing harder where the clitoris was last felt.

I have found that continuing the same level of stimulation, taking momentary breaks in the pattern, or even lightening up just a little often sends her (me) over the edge into orgasm, avoiding the numbness, soreness, and frustration that are often the reward for increasing speed and pressure at that time. I love knowing that this event, the disappearance of the clit, is a message that she is high enough to come soon — it really adds to my excitement to know that she is so turned on, plus it is reassuring if I'm feeling at all self-conscious or concerned.

I suggest experimenting with different patterns when you masturbate. Try switching to a different type of stimulation or moving to a slightly different angle or area when you feel close to coming. Increasing speed while decreasing pressure can be nice, too. I also think it is important to experience building to the verge of orgasm and stopping or decreasing what you're doing so that your excitement decreases. Then go to it again, perhaps repeating the cycle several times before continuing through orgasm. This gives reality to the idea that the first time you feel you could come is not your only chance. Desperately seeking orgasm isn't much fun and encourages too much concentrated touching and pressure, more likely to cause numbness than pleasure. You may also have more intense orgasms after repeated build-ups.

You can show a lover when she makes love to you — hold her head while she is licking you, cover her hand or have her cover yours, position yourselves so that you have control over the speed and pressure. When you make love to her, she can try to be aware of what you are doing when she feels close to coming. It may be hard for her to believe that you are not simply moving harder and faster when she orgasms. Sometimes a decrease in physical activity — especially if accompanied by some hot words about how turned on she is, how beautiful at that moment, some of the changes you see and feel in her body, what she is going to feel, what you are going to do to her — makes for an increase in excitement. In fact, the more I write, the more I think of to say on this subject.

I also find it very helpful to have a position and a hold on a woman I am making love to that let me follow her or pull her toward me if she starts to arch her back, thrust her hips up, or otherwise move away from my reach when she starts to come. Staying with her makes the difference between a long full orgasm and a mild or aborted one.

Some dykes don't realize that faster, harder, and/or right on the clit (either through the hood or directly on the tip) is not always the way to go. After orgasm the increased sensitivity in the clitoris that seems to be common definitely means that more is not better. In fact, it can interrupt the pleasure for many of us. Continued light contact without movement is probably the most that will feel good right after orgasm.

The belief that sex activity must get progressively faster and harder in order to reach The Climax is taught and reinforced through language, music, movies, literature, sex education, and porn. Maybe this is a universal truth for men, but it hasn't been the case for me and for the women I've made love with. What about you?

I'd like to give special thanks to Linda Chagnon, who encouraged and guided my early research in this area; Ana, who came up to me with shyness and excitement after my first presentation on sexual anatomy and physiology and gave me my first positive lesbian feedback; Diane Willow, who has nurtured and supported this piece of writing when I felt too vulnerable and embarrassed to tell anyone else about it; and the women who have so enriched my life by sparking my desire — you know who you are (well, some of you know who you are . . .).

A Visit to

By J. P. Lakey

After my last bout of hemorrhoids, I get fed up and decided to do something about it. I don't have a primary care physician, so I got a referral from the orthopedic surgeon who did my knee operation last year. He gave me the name of his family's general surgeon. When I called this doctor's office, I was told that he was out of town for several weeks, but I could be seen by one of his associates. I made an appointment for the following week. I was anxious when I arrived at the doctor's office. From previous rectal exams, I knew this was an erogenous zone for me. I was already turned on by what I imagined and expected to happen. Since this was a medical exam, total control was needed. I did not want to embarrass myself. After I had waited for half an hour, a nurse took me to one of the examining rooms. I was told to remove everything from the waist down, and to put on the paper robe with the opening to the back. I did as instructed but kept my socks on, to keep my feet warm. I felt awkward, and defensive about my hairy legs; my hands were cold and I was sweating—the usual feeling I get in a doctor's office. There was a knock on the door. The nurse asked if I was ready. I said yes. Then, the doctor came in.

She was a fox. Tall, slim, with medium length, naturally curly, dark auburn hair. Her face reminded me of that beautiful photograph of Amelia Earhart in New Words bookstore. There was humor in her dark blue eyes, and a glimpse of deviltry. She smiled.

"Hello, I'm Dr. Cohen."

A deep, husky voice. My stomach kicked over. She was a knock-out. She opened my folder. Her hands were strong, with long sensuous fingers and blunt nails.

"You've indicated that you are having problems with hemorrhoids. I'd like to ask you some questions about diet, bowel movements, family history, etc."

Distractedly, I answered her questions. I was busy internally, trying to deal with that part of me that was in disarray, that was responding to the physical presence and aura of this woman. that was lusting after her with a capital L. Dr. Cohen told me she would examine me and determine whether the problem could be treated by the rubber banding technique. This procedure entailed using an instrument to place tight bands around the venous blebs, and was usually not painful. Depending upon what she saw, she wanted permission to go on and do the procedure then, rather than remove the instruments and discuss whether to go ahead, then reinsert everything. I told her to go ahead.

While she washed and gloved her hands, she told me to kneel on the ledge of the examining table, and to lean forward, placing myself over and onto the top of the examining table. I did as she instructed. She came over, and flicked a switch on the table, which bagan to move. It made an inverted V of my body, so that my ass was in the air, and my head and chest were facing downward, though still supported by the table top. I felt the air on my buttocks as the folds of my robe were separated, then a cold sensation on my anus.

"I've put a lubricant jelly on you to make the penetration easier," she said. She began to rub the jelly over and around my anus. "I'm going to enter you with my finger first, to lubricate you inside, before I begin," she murmured.

Slowly, she began to press against the center of my anus with the tip of her finger, then thrust directly in. I felt her inside me. It was delicious, a full feeling. I felt myself creaming. I was completely turned on.

"You are very tight. Does this hurt?"

"No," I gasped, trying to keep my voice from shaking.

"Fine, let's proceed."

She removed her finger, and gently but firmly inserted an instrument inside my anus. There was no pain, simply the feeling of fullness inside me.

"There are definitely hemorrhoids here, and they can be treated by the technique I discussed with you," she said. "I'm going to do that now."

I felt one instrument removed, and another inserted.

"Tell me, does this hurt?" she asked.

I felt an increased pressure inside, but that was all.

"No," I replied.

"What you are feeling is the band being placed on," she said.

She continued for several more minutes. I hoped that my wetness was not apparent. She removed the instruments from my anus, then wiped me with a paper cloth. Putting her hand on the small of my back, she told me not to get up.

"Sometimes the sensory input to the nerves during this treatment can make you dizzy," she said, as she replaced the folds of the paper robe over my ass.

She returned the table to it original position. I lifted myself up, and turned around. She was writing in my chart, her back to me. I managed to compose myself before she turned to face me.

"I want to see you in three weeks. By then the blebs should have fallen off and the resultant abscesses should have healed completely. If you experience pain or bleeding, call the office and I will give you a prescription. Do you have any questions?" She concluded.

"No," I replied.

"OK, I'll see you in three weeks."

She smiled at me, and left the room. After she left, I removed the paper robe, glanced quickly at the closed door, and then felt between my legs. I was sopping wet. I took another cloth from the dispenser by the sink, wiped myself dry, dressed, and went out to the receptionist's area, where I made the return appointment. All the way home, I relived and refelt that experience, my vagina throbbing and aching. I rushed inside my apartment, tore off my jeans, and lay on my bed. I slowly inserted a finger inside my vagina, placed another on my anus, and came as soon as I touched my clit.

the Doctor

During the next three weeks, I tried to reduce the amount of fantasizing I was doing about the return visit to Dr. Cohen's office. By the end of the second weeks, I was almost back to normal. I attended a workshop on lesbian sexuality, and listened as people discussed how important it was to communicate with one's partner about one's sexual needs and desires. In my few relationships, I had never been successful doing that. Although I knew that anal penetration was a turn-on for me, the only time I had tried to communicate that, to my last partner, I had been told that she did not "do that or want it done to her." After the workshop, I stood up, waiting for the packed room to clear, checking out who was there, feeling good seeing so many women who were not afraid of their sexuality. I caught a glimpse of a tall, slim woman with dark curly hair leaving the room, and my heart stopped: Dr. Cohen? But her back was to me, and she was gone before I could do anything. I shook my head ruefully, and tried not to feel foolish about yet one more unrealistic fantasy, Dr. Cohen a lesbian.

On the day of the return visit, I received a phone call at work from Dr. Cohen's receptionist.

"There has been an emergency, and we are behind schedule. Dr. Cohen says you can either come today at 5:00 p.m., or schedule for another day."

"I'll come at 5:00 p.m.," I said.

When I got to the doctor's office at 4:45 p.m., I was the only one in the waiting room. At 5:15 p.m., I was taken to the same room as before. As I took off my clothes and put on the robe, I tried to contain myself; my fantasies were in full bloom. I wanted to get Dr. Cohen onto the table with me, and have her do to me all those things I was picturing, in all varieties and permutations . . .

When Dr. Cohen entered the examining room, she looked tired, but she smiled when she saw me, and my heart lit up.

"Sorry," she said, "it's been a long day. Everyone's tired, and the nurse and receptionist have been here overtime. I've told them they can go home now, since you are the last patient scheduled for today, and this checkup is straightforward."

My chest tightened with anticipation. I was alone with her.

"Did you have any pain?" she asked.

"No," I replied.

"Are you experiencing any bleeding now?"

"No," I said.

"Good. I want to check you now to see how well you've healed. Please kneel over the table, like before."

I did as directed, and again the table moved and placed me in the inverted V position. Once again, she lifted back the folds of my robe, exposing me. She quickly lubricated me, and inserted the scope into my anus.

"Everything looks great," she said. "You've healed nicely." She removed the instrument, and took off her gloves.

No, this can't be all, I thought. Quickly, I blurted, "Dr. Cohen, can I ask you something?" Without waiting for her reply, I stammered, "I'm concerned about anal . . . I mean, will it hurt if I, unh, have anal penetration, is it OK . . . ?"

I stopped, embarrassed, not knowing what else to say, but knowing that I wanted her to touch me. And she did. Lightly, she rested her right hand across the cheeks of my buttocks, her skin warm against mine.

"Have you ever had anal penetration during sex?" she asked me softly.

"No," I replied, truthfully.

"Well," she said, touching me gently on my anus, "some women are very aroused by being touched or penetrated here." She pressed quickly on the center of my anus. "Do you knwo whether this is an erogenous zone for you?" she asked.

"It is," I said, hoping that what I thought was happening, was happening.

"Would you like me to show you what anal penetration and stimulation feel like?" she murmured, brushing my buttocks lightly with her fingertips.

"Yes," I whispered, as her fingertips slowly caressed the crack between my cheeks.

I felt the robe being opened completely, so that my buttocks were fully exposed to her. She leaned against me, her left hand pressing down on the small of my back, the fingers of her right hand tracing my crack.

"It is important when having anal sex that you be as lubricated as possible," she continued. Her fingers came to rest at the bottom of my crack. "There are several ways to do that. One way is to use natural lubrication."

She placed her hand between my legs. My thighs fell open, exposing my wet vagina. She massaged the lips of my vagina, her fingers moving from vagina opening to clitoris, bringing the fluid along those tracks in slow, repetitive motions.

"When a woman is ready, she is full and wet, and wanting to be penetrated. Her vaginal secretions can be used to wet and lubricate the anus."

Her fingers entered my vagina, while her thumb rested and pressed against my anus. Moving her fingers in and out, she rhythmically stroked inside my vagina, while her thumb slowly circled my anus. She used her fingers to bring the fluids seeping from me up my crack and onto my anus. I felt as though I were on fire.

"Another way to lubricate this area," she continued, "Is to use your tongue. It is important to wash carefully first."

The tip of her tongue flicked quickly over my anus. My vagina went into wild spasms as her tongue circled my anus, leaving, circling once again. I was delirious with sensation, my legs moving and shifting, my ass muscles tensing, my vagina clenching and opening. I could not breathe. I wanted more—all of her—inside all of me. As she tongued my asshole, her right hand found its way to my vagina; she entered me with three fingers and stroked slowly, in, out, while

continued on p. 22

GOOD NIGHTS IRENE

By Irene J. Weinraud

It was a fuckin hard day, just a fuckin hard day. She couldn't stand it any more, not one more minute. She attracted rejection slips, homeless teenagers, and authoritarian bosses like honey attracts bees. And this was it! The last straw was being scolded and harrassed for leaving two minutes early from work where there were no students anyway, where she was totally underpaid because she didn't have the credentials, and where she had a half hour lunch on a nine hour day with no breaks. She was reliving her reformatory school years as an adult but, at least then, she was more aware of the odds and her surroundings. This oppression was coated with being a humanitarian worker, working for the good of others. Again a nice jewish girl found herself in a position where she was under the thumb of nuns. How the hell did this happen? She thought her play would sell. People would want to see good lesbian theatre. There was hope, a way out. Ha . . . And she often accused her students of living in fantasy worlds.

Suctioning cups of loud noises penetrated her ear. BEEP! BEEEEP! "Hey lady, this is earth. Goddamn women drivers!" "Get off the road." Her hand smashed itself against the horn, and Rhoda, her little, innocent red bug gave out a blood curdling scream. Rhoda whooshed and dodged traffic, almost spinning,, doing balancing acts among the angry monster cars; all the time screaming at them, intimidating the shit out of them, taking out her own revenge in her own way. "Help me, Rhoda. Help, help me Rhoda. Help me Rhoda, ooohhh, get her out of my mind." And she did. Rhoda found a quiet place off the road, near a park. And there she sat, singing to herself, one tire on the curb.

Irene rested her weary head on Rhoda's steeering wheel. The leather covering rubbed against her cheek. She continued to rub her cheek against the manufactured holes in the leather. There was something sweet and tough about Rhoda's steering wheel. It made Irene think of Karen, the street kid she had just left; sweet and tough, hard and hurt, alone in the streets and pregnant. It wasn't just Karen. There were other karens, some she loved, some she lost, and all were mirrors of the past. Her face became saturated with tears. Jesus, fucking christ, she was crying. "Goddamn you, son of a bitch. This is not what I wanted to do today. Draggin me off to god knows where. Bitch. Bitch Bitch." Irene caught herself beating Rhoda's wheel. That was it, her mother coming out of the lagoon again, beatin on innocent things. After all, it wasn't Rhoda's fault she had a bad day. Oh, what the hell. We always take out our anger on those closest to us. Who else can take it. Irene's mother went back into the lagoon's cave where she was dark and safe. After all these years, and all this anger, Irene still missed the hell out of her. She had no control now. Everything made her cry. And of course, every memory was happening at this moment, everything she wanted to forget, every pain she experienced in thirty years. Now it was not just her face, but her whole body was soaked with lagoon water, every dredged up wet memory. She reached her drenched hand to Rhoda's radio button. It felt smooth and solid, just like Rhoda. Rhoda had Aretha downpat. Rhoda's sound kept Aretha on a clear even tone.

"City traffic movin' way too slow
Drop the pedal and go . . . go . . . go."

Irene rested her wet body deep in the seat of Rhoda. The broken springs had their own bounce. And their dance was led by Irene's butt to Rhoda's Aretha.

"Goin' ridin' on the freeway of love
wind's against our back
Goin' ridin' on the freeway of love
in my pink Cadillac."

Yes, yes, this was Irene's pink Cadillac. Her fingers pulled down the zipper of her jeans. They woddled, worked out, and swayed.

"Goin' ridin' on the freeway of love
Wind's against our back
Ain't we ridin' on the freeway of love
in my pink Cadillac?"

Irene's middle and index fingers were in the groove to Rhoda's Aretha until her whole hand joined in.

"Never you mind the exit signs
We got lots of time
We can't quit 'til we get
to the other side."

Irene's hand beat to Rhoda's Aretha. She could feel the pulse deep, deep inside.

"With the radio playin' our song
We keep rollin' on
Who knows how far a car can get
Before you think about slowin' down . . . "

Irene cupped her large hand and rocked herself from her vagina. She held the warm, held the warm. Slow dancin to a fast beat. A little more pressure. A little

more pressure. Her left hand reached for a new beat. It came from her heart. She reached under her shirt and cupped her left breast. Tight, tighter. She squeezed and rocked. Her mother's milk. Her mother's arms. Her mother's breasts. Every pleasant memory of her mother. A Mother she only knew intimately once for a short time. She was a baby, being rocked and sucked. She pinched her breast to make sure it was real. "Ow!" It was.

"City traffic movin' way too slow
Drop the pedal and go . . . go . . . go . . . "

Irene had always prided herself on her extra long willowy but strong middle finger. It reached inside her beat for the sweet tasting lagoon water. It swooshed and poked and danced to Rhoda's Aretha and Irene's heartbeat, pulling all the lagoon water deep down to places not even the memory could go. Irene jumped in the lagoon, her body a wet, dripping mass of lagoon water.

"Goin' ridin' on the freeway of love
Wind's against our back."

Her hand moved faster. The beat quickened. The finger quickened. The body leapt and shook. Her index finger touched her own magic button as she thought of Rhoda's. It was a dinosaur raising its beautiful head above the lagoon. To her hand. To Rhoda's Aretha. A magic dinosaur. Making pain into pleasure.

"Goin' ridin' on the freeway of love
In my pink Cadillac."

Rhoda was Irene's pink Cadillac. Irene fingered Rhoda's steering wheel keeping her eyes closed. If there was anybody else in the neighborhood, she did not want to know. After all, she came here with Rhoda's magic and hadn't really cased the joint for herself. Rhoda really should know better. She'll kill her if there were other cars. She'll rip out her goddamn transmission and drop her off where old cars go, some faraway junkyard in the sticks. Irene's right eye flashed open, quickly scanning the area. No cars, no houses. A miracle. Rhoda was not only a sexpot but a genius. Rhoda thankfully did not hear negative thoughts for she was still heavily into Aretha. Irene was so wet that she caught a chill. Her dripping reflection stared at her from the mirror. The voice giggled, then cackled, and soon burst into hysterical laughter. Here's to you Sister Barbara and all the other sisters that made me what I am today. Irene laughed to the end of Rhoda's Aretha.

They whizzed home without ever missing a beat on the radio. Rhoda was so high, she flew over rush hour traffic. As soon as Irene entered the door of Apt. 3A, she began tearing off her clothes, relieving herself from the stench of the day. Deitrich, an extra large (for a girl) black, feline cat jumped and rolled in each article of clothing as it left Irene's body. Deitrich had this amazing quality of leaping high into the air when she was excited and she was always excited when she saw Irene. While jumping in the air, she brushed against Irene's right thigh, her lower stomach, and her left breast. The pleasure of it all triggered a song. "You can't hurry love. No you just have to wait. She said love will come easy. It's a game of give and take . . . " And before the song was finished, she had fed Deitrich and thrown a Swansons chicken pot pie in the oven.

Irene took her naked self into what she lovingly called her spirit room. Deitrich quietly watched her close the door. There was an understanding between them that this was the room in the apartment that was Irene's only. The room was small and almost as naked as Irene. It had a very light, almost faded, blue pile rug (a gift from her ex-lover), pale blue paper shades always drawn, a large willowy plant named Harriet, a purple fouton on the floor with assorted Morgies pillows, and her journal on a stool. The pale yellow walls had three large black and white posters: a mime, mask poster torn off the wall of a theatre in Italy (a gift from her ex-lover), a large photograph of Marlene Dietrich with a cigarette hanging out of her mouth, and a smaller poster of a black and white film about a mother and daughter, produced and directed by none other than her very rich and very ex-lover.

Her ex-lover, alias Sister Mary, alias true confidante, alias teacher at "the school" where Irene lived most of her adolescent life, gave her many gifts. One of which was the desire to meditate and be alone. The other was a deep-seated penchant for older women and love-making in general. Irene closed her eyes and tried to find her breath. But she could not breathe away her day. Sister Barbara intruded, pushed Sister Mary out of the way, threw her out of the room, and locked the door. She paraded her big, ugly self on by, back and forth. Finally, she sat on a hard back chair, her face pulsating with its usual red, prickly flush from stuffed emotions and unrelenting anger. Yet something was different. What was it? Irene had to look more carefully. Sister was wearing a white dress! She spread her legs and hiked up her white dress. Irene could hear the

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TIPS FROM THE BOYS

By Louise Taylor

I buy all the new lesbian sex magazines. I love the writing in them and the ideas. I love the fact that they exist. But I'm seldom turned on by them. And when I am it's not so urgent that I have to stop to masturbate or to fuck my girlfriend which is what happens when I read male pornography. I found this out about male porn when I read Andrea Dworkin's book *Pornography* in 1979. I'd sit on the bus on my way to and from work in my respectable suit, surrounded by other respectably dressed workers, reading porn from a book with a respectable cover. It reminded me of the comics (*Schoolgirl* and *Schoolfriend*) that I hid inside my picturebook bible when I was a kid going to church. It was forbidden and secret. It looked good on the outside but was lusciously naughty on the inside. Just like me . . . good on the outside but I had a secret.

The extreme sexism and violence in *Pornography* was repulsive to me. That was a familiar enough feeling. What was new was this instant channel to intense sexual feelings. Soon after those bus rides I graduated to less offensive straight porn and to gay male porn and it showed me a whole new world of sexual imagination and pleasure.

I was talking about all this over dinner with a friend after the Harvard/MIT pornography conference. My friend (I'll call her Marie) felt the same way about the erotic power of lesbian versus male porn. Marie said that sometimes when she was having sex she fantasized about cocks and that's partly what she liked about male porn. I fantasize sexually about cocks too. My images don't come from memory of when I fucked men or from fantasies about men I know. They come from pornography. . . all those enormous, overextended, pulsating, larger-than-life dicks that gay men write about. Maybe I fantasize about cocks because that's sexually taboo in the lesbian community . . . and what's sex without the forbidden? When I was coming out, the erotic turn on for me when I was fucking was the image of the fact that I was with a woman.

I have a dildo and harness. When I wear them I imagine sometimes that it's a dildo and sometimes it's a clitoris or some other extension of my body but sometimes it's a cock. I wore it under my jeans to a party once. When my girlfriend went to the bathroom I followed her. I locked the door, pushed her up against the wall and pressed that hard thing against her cunt. "My cock got big and hard, Baby," I said, "watching you flirt with those other women, and now you're going to take care of it." Sometimes she's a man and has a cock too but mostly she likes to be a woman who is taken, sometimes against her will. She doesn't like the fantasy of me having a cock as much as I do as it pushes her too close to the role of heterosexual woman. Sometimes I wear my dildo under a skirt. I'm neither a man nor a woman. I'm polymorphous perverse.

One of the things that Marie likes about imagining cocks is the fantasy of genitals fitting together that closely. "Let's face it," she said, "heterosexuals have that and we don't. The closest I ever get is when I'm fisting someone. The feeling of having a part of me totally inside a lover is incredible. Imagine," she said, "if your hand felt that not as a hand but as a genital." Before our talk wandered off in the direction of the glorification of heterosexual sex and ecstatic simultaneity, Marie and I reminded ourselves that sex with men was never that great for either of us. So how do we understand what excites us about male porn if we are not to fall into the self-negating trap of naming it "penis envy" or dismissing our sexual desires as the result of cultural brainwashing.

Everything about male porn refines its characters to pure sex. (To men, pure sex is cock.) Everything becomes cock and cocks are larger than life . . . big, hard, juicy meat . . . an enormous rod . . . a huge slab. Everything is pulsating, dripping, throbbing and spurting. Sex is life and life becomes a universe of overwhelming desire that must be met. Nothing else matters. In my imagination, as I read, I become the characters aroused into that purity of animal need. I am consumed by the same longing. Nothing else matters except that it be met. The repetitive, rhythmic language of pornography is simple, raw and adolescent. It uses graphic, easily imagined words. It is a world of cocks and cunts and tits, of sucking and fucking. It rocks me into a younger, animal part of myself to an age of pure body and feeling and need. It lulls me into a vulnerable self who is hungry, who doesn't think and analyze but who simply feels. The language of pornography pulls me out of the stress of my adult life and offers me a channel into this place of body. I too become a plethora of urgent need, of longing, of have-to-have-it-now-or-I'm-going-to-die. And the delicious thing is that this need can be met.

When I see that longing on my girlfriend's face I love to tease her, to prolong her need. "Not yet, you sex-starved slut," I say. "You'll wait until I'm ready for you." I love the increased urgency that I see in her eyes.

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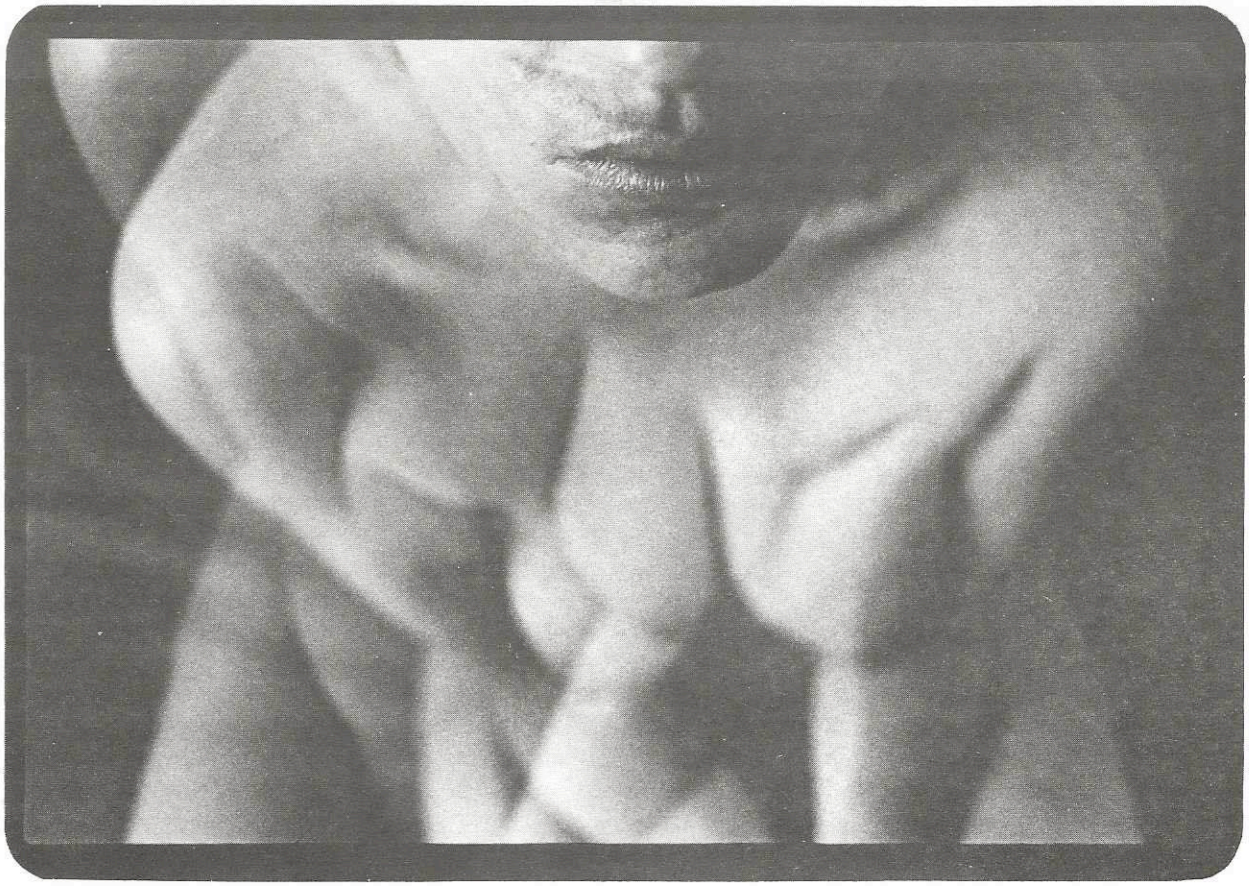

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Uncivil War:
Pornography and Anti- Pornography

By Donna Turley

Feminists have agreed that our battles include obtaining quality day care and health care, equal pay, funding for battered women's shelters, access to abortions and birth control, better working conditions and services for rape victims, and ending discrimination. After much discussion during the early years of the movement, we united in a fight against homophobia and racism. We began to look at the media as a purveyor of institutional sexism and oppression, and believed that our united efforts to educate media creators and consumers would gnaw at the roots of misogynist stereotypes. As the 1970's ended, national economic recession spread the fear of poverty, and the right fanned the flame with xenophobia and the Soviet threat. The government cut funding for social welfare programs and many of our gains during the previous decade were lost. Everyone searched for scapegoats, including feminists. The Right chose Jews, People of Color, feminists and homosexuals. Many feminists chose pornography.

Pornography was an easy choice since it is one of the most blatant and pervasive examples of misogyny

available. Discouraged after so many years of being marked contentious, there was something safe about choosing an enemy that even Mom and Dad despised; something comfortably middle class. Besides, we were tired of arguing about sexism with the men who were often our bedmates. It was easier to blame pornography for violence against women, than men. Feminists who expressed discomfort with the intensified and limited focus of the movement's gaze were quickly ostracized. The closeted pornographers and consumers of pornography in the feminist community narrowed their circle of friends and spent more time with gay men who did not seem as reactionary about sex. Unorthodox feminists with unorthodox practices in bed were refused meeting space in women's centers. But a few brave souls refused to succumb to the cold. They began to quietly write and speak out in a positive way about the complexities of sex.

Meanwhile, in Minneapolis, radical feminists Andrea Dworkin and Catharine MacKinnon were teaching a class at the University of Minnesota on the role of pornography in the oppression of women. They argued that pornography is at the root of every form of exploitation and discrimination known to women. To these women and their numerous disciples, violence against women is not merely reflected in some pornography, it is caused by all pornography.

When the progressive city of Minneapolis approached the duo to testify about a proposed zoning law which would circumscribe pornography businesses, the pair testified against the legislation. Instead, they suggested that the city council could eliminate pornography, rather than merely regulate it, by developing a civil rights law positing pornography as a form of sex discrimination. They were hired for the job. With the support of many of the area's feminists, Dworkin and MacKinnon put their concept into legalese. Their novel approach was heralded by some feminists as the panacea for violence against women. What many did not realize was that the debates about the ordinance would magnify and reinforce the most frightening and acriminious division that the women's movement has seen.

The ordinance passed through the city council in Minneapolis, only to be vetoed by the mayor. It was picked up by conservatives in Indianapolis. Without local feminist support, christian fundamentalists, the Moral Majority, the Eagle Forum and Catharine MacKinnon (who was paid as a consultant to the city) had an easy task of convincing the conservative city council to pass the law. This success had nothing to do with concern for the subordination of women in a hierarchical capitalist and patriarchal system. Most of

the coalition believed that pornography promotes homosexuality, masturbation, interracial sex, orgies, and, most dangerously, a concept of female sexuality divorced from reproduction, marriage and monogamy. The elimination of pornography provided the right an opportunity to keep women in traditional roles, under the control of and subordinate to men. By eliminating pornography through civil rights legislation, the right also saw the possibility of avoiding the usual First Amendment free speech protections which anti-pornography legislation usually encounters in court.

The law in Indianapolis was immediately challenged by the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU), booksellers, broadcasters and others as a violation of their constitutional right to free speech. A female judge in the Federal District Court agreed, noting that "though the purpose of the ordinance is cast in civil rights terminology . . . it is clearly aimed at controlling the content of the speech and ideas which the City-County Council has found harmful and offensive." On

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appeal, the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals upheld the lower court's decision to strike down the law.

The ordinance has yet to be successful, even though it has been proposed by conservatives and feminists in other places. Credit for the failure can be given to unorthodox feminists, civil libertarians and lesbian and gay activists. Generally, the arguments against the proposed legislation can be divided into two categories: the narrow legal concerns and the broader sexual and political implications.

Current constitutional law excludes "obscenity" from the protections granted to free speech. Obscenity is a legal term of art which is defined by the Supreme Court through the application of a three-prong test. If (1) the average person, applying contemporary community standards, finds that the work as a whole appeals to the prurient interests, and (2) the work depicts or describes in a "patently offensive way" sexual conduct, and (3) it lacks serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value, it is obscene. States generally have criminal statutes which allow for the prosecution of purveyors of obscene materials and the censoring of those materials by the state.

The MacKinnon/Dworkin legislation, in its various forms, promotes a concept of pornography as sex discrimination. Pornography is defined as the "graphic sexually explicit subordination of women through pictures and/or words that also includes one or more of the following: (i) women are presented dehumanized as sexual objects, things, or commodities; or (ii) women are presented as sexual objects who enjoy pain or humiliation; or (iii) women are presented as sexual objects who experience sexual pleasure in being raped; or (iv) women are presented as sexual objects tied up or mutilated or bruised or physically hurt; or (v) women are presented in postures of sexual submission, servility, or display; or (vi) women's body parts — including but not limited to vaginas, breasts, or buttocks — are exhibited such that women are reduced to those parts; or (vii) women are presnted as whores by nature; or (viii) women are presented as being penetrated by objects or animals; or (ix) women are presented in scenarios of degradation, injury, torture, shown as filthy or inferior, bleeding, bruised or hurt in a context that makes these conditions sexual."

Under this law, it would be sex discrimination to coerce a person into performing for pornography, to "force" pornography on a person, to assault a person if the assault is caused by specific pornography, or to traffick in pornography. Under current criminal law, these actions are illegal if the pornography is obscene.

Although the Dworkin/MacKinnon legislation is couched in civil rights language, it is the trafficking provision which gives power to a self-appointed conservative or feminist moralist to censor that which she finds offensive. As defined by the law, to "traffick in pornography" means "to produce, sell, exhibit, or distribute pornography." In order for the community censor to sue someone involved in trafficking in por-

nography and to get a court order preventing the distribution of the material, she need only prove that the material fits the definition of pornography. No harm need be shown. The trafficker sued can be a feminist artist or writer as easily as a male pornographer.

Although current obscenity law looks to the state for discretionary prosecution and has been used against materials produced for and by homosexuals, it does contain free speech safeguards. The first safeguard requires that "contemporary community standards" be applied. The other is that the challenged material must also lack serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value. Neither defense would offer much protection to controversial gay and lesbian literature, but they do offer protection for information pertaining to sex, birth control, abortion and women's health issues. They also give license to the creativity of artists and writers. Unfortunately, the innovative civil rights approach to pornography proscribes a much broader range of material and would have a chilling effect on creativity.

A careful reading of the definition of pornography contained in the proposed ordinance reveals a lot of nebulous language left to the interpretation of conservative courts and self-appointed community censors. Proponents of the legislation claim that it is directed at "hard core" pornography which is sexually explicit, sexist and violent. However, some of these elements may not be present where women are presented penetrated by objects, where women are presented as "whores by nature," or tied up, or in a posture of sexual submission, servility or display, and where women's body parts are exhibited such that women are reduced to those parts.

The law could prohibit images of some consensual sexual acts or descriptions of women actively seeking sexual pleasures. A woman who sleeps with more than one person could be easily characterized as a "whore by nature." And, many people believe that women are degraded when they are presented as lesbians (including Andrea Dworkin who is suing *Hustler* magazine for calling her a lesbian). The law offers a very narrow view of permissible sex and implies that sex is degrading to women, but not to men. The only things that all nine subsections of the definition have in common is that each involves women and sex. The ordinance could make depictions of that combination against the law.

The proposed ordinance does not censor violent misogynist images generally, but only sexually explicit images. It doesn't touch sexism in the media and in advertising. It doesn't address television's ubiquitous dimwitted woman. It doesn't require filmmakers to cut out the violence. It is incomprehensible that sexually explicit images are given special treatment unless feminists believe, as do many people on the right, that there is something wrong with most sex. It is this belief and fear that has engendered the current feminist uncivil war. It is this assumption, brought to the front line by this "feminist" ordinance, that has forced women to confront their anxieties around sex and to take sides.

To the anti-pornography camp, there is a female sexuality that is excluded from much pornography and sex today. Female desire is romantic, egalitarian, natural, gentle, free of power dynamics, monogamous, emotional, nurturing, and spontaneous. This prescription reflects and reproduces dominant cultural assumptions about women. Thus, women's sexual freedom means freedom from male-centered images of women rather than the freedom to be openly sexual and to create women-centered erotic images. While both sides of the debate might agree that some part of sexuality is socially constructed, anti-pornography feminists belive that in this patriarchal society, our sexuality and fantasy lives have been constructed by men and are, therefore, exclusionary and oppressive to women.

Unorthodox feminists believe that since pleasure is created consciously and historically, women have the power to change it. Instead of starting with an analysis of our society as patriarchal and oppressive, and then fitting sex into a slot, unorthodox feminsts start with sexuality and all of its manifestations free of value judgments. There is no good or bad, sexual pleasure simply is. Since sexual practices are constantly evolving within the self and within the community, there can be no demarcation lines. They realize that sexual practices in the bedroom and on the streets do not have to be an unambiguous reflection of politics. So instead of placing judgments on sexual practices, the only requirement is consent. Instead of asking what a particular practice means or reflects about politics, the only question is how, so as to learn from others about the possiblities for pleasure.

By attempting to legally link violence against women to pornographic images, anti-pornography feminists have made two grave errors. The first involves a question of tactics and cooptation. Time spent eliminating pornography will not result in the elimination of violence against women. An examination of the condition of women in countries where pornography is illegal, such as Iran and Saudi Arabia, proves this point. And, despite the fact that the proposed legislation may have been written by women, it cannot escape the fact that it must rely on the legal system to work. Ultimately, courts composed of judges schooled in the tradition of preserving the status quo, a male version of reality,

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Barter

By Carol A. Deacon

Flying beside you
seated upon a balance
set
cushioned in our clitpit
as the terrain beneath passes
virgin against my hand
whispering to my senses
it echos softly of deep
fertile places drenched
in sweet spring water
moist
aching throat lying parched
moist
swollen lips cracked wide
moistening

That Could Be The One

By Jane Barnes

sometimes just as
the train moves away
from the platform
you see through the window
this beautiful woman
and you think
that could be the one
and then the train
disappears into the tunnel

Cab Fare

By Humble Pie

My flight had been delayed on route and I found myself in a little college town near the airport. It seemed a lot more interesting to explore the town than wait the four hours at the airport. I had gotten to town by the courtesy shuttle and was now pondering whether to tour the town by cab or on foot. Considering that the courtesy shuttle was free, I could certainly afford a cab. Sitting on the bench by the cab stand I surveyed the line of cabs waiting. I had had enough of men on this trip and didn't relish the thought of having to ride around with one. As luck would have it, the third cab down had a woman driver. I casually wandered by the cab to check and not only was it a cute dyke-looking woman but I was almost sure the book resting on the steering wheel she was reading was *Coming to Power*. Amazed at my luck I went back to the bench to wait for her cab to reach the front of the line.

It seemed like forever as the other cabs picked up fares and drove off. I found myself hoping she wouldn't get a call on the radio before I got in. Finally she put her book down and moved to the front of the line. I tried to look casual as I got up and strolled to the cab. Was I rushing too much? Would she guess I'd been watching? Had she noticed? Not even glancing back to me she asked "Where to?" slipping her book under her seat as I got in. I didn't get a chance to be sure of the title.

Trying to be brave I replied, "I really don't know, I'm new to town. Do you know of any good women's bars?" That got her attention, her eyes went to the mirror. "What kind?" she replied. Amazed at my boldness I answered, "One that accepts leather, or better yet a full-fledged leather bar if there is one." That got her to turn around completely. I could see her interest growing as she noticed my outfit. I was wearing almost every piece of leather I owned because I didn't trust the airlines to check it in my baggage. "There's no such thing as a leather bar in this town that I know of, the nearest is 60 miles south and I wouldn't be able to take you that far, my shift ends and I have to turn this cab in in an hour. There is a woman's bar in town that would certainly love to let leather dykes in, there just aren't very many around. It doesn't open for another two hours." Taking note of when she got off work I got even bolder. "In that case, why don't you give me a tour of the town for an hour and then let me off at this bar you recommended before turning in your cab?" "As you wish," she said, "although there isn't must of interest to see in this town." With a bit of a smile I looked at her and replied "but I'm interested already." She turned bright red and put the cab in gear.

As she drove and pointed out the sights (which truly weren't very interesting) our conversation turned to each other. I started by asking her what she was reading. It was indeed *Coming to Power*. Then I began asking more about her using the clues I could find in the dark. She had a small studded bracelet on her left wrist so guessing that she was a top was easy. She seemed very at home behind the wheel in the dark and told me more about herself than I expect she told most fares.

After about half an hour we had gotten so involved in our conversation that I had completely forgotten about looking at the sights. "Where are we now?" I asked. "By the high school. It's a quiet park by the river where I sometimes take my break. She stopped the cab and turned off the dispatch radio. The sudden darkness and quiet unnerved me a bit. Trying to sound commanding, (I'm not much of a top) I growled "I told you I wanted to see the sights, there's nothing out here." "Quite the opposite, I'm sure you'll be interested in what's out here," she replied as she got out of the front of the car and came around to the back. I noticed a glint of metal and heard a familiar jingle from her hand as she got in the back of the car. The handcuffs were on and my vest snapped open before I had time to struggle.

There's a lot of room in the back of those checker cabs and some sturdy grab handles on the sideposts that I found myself shackled to. I don't give in easily but this woman was skilled and had me completely submissive to her touch. "Your safeword is 'Fare,' " she told me as she opened my shirt exposing my taut nipples. As she sucked and bit she began unzipping my pants. She removed my belt and looped it around my throat. "Alright, Bitch. You'd better give in to me quick because I left the meter running." My only answer was to gasp as she drove her finger into my already wet and hungry cunt. "You are so wet, you want this don't you?" Again I could only answer with a gasp as I pushed harder onto her finger. "Yes, I want this, I need this" I replied. I was rewarded with two more fingers probing inside me. "That's right baby, you're going to take my whole fist, aren't you?" "Yes, yes, please" I begged, grinding my ass in the air. She plunged her fist into me, I fleetingly remembered noticing how strong and large her hands were when she was driving before. I hadn't felt that satisfied in a long time. As my moaning increased she reminded me that there was no one out there and I could be as loud as I wanted. I couldn't have been quiet if I'd had to, I almost screamed as I came, every muscle screaming with me.

As I collapsed in a heap in her arms she murmured soft comments as she redid my clothing and unlocked the cuffs. "You submissive Bitch, you gave it good. Yes, relax, I have you now." She held me until reality came back and I returned to my so-called senses. Next thing I knew she was back in the front seat with the radio paging the cabs and the engine in gear. "We can't keep the meter running forever now, can we?" as she drove me to my destination at the bar. Needless to say, she got an extremely generous tip.

TECHNIQUE
THERE ARE SOME THINGS A GIRL CAN'T DO...
BUT STANDING UP AND PISSING AIN'T ONE OF 'EM.
SPREAD YOUR LEGS, HONEY, AND SQUAT A LITTLE.
IF YOU GOT ON UNDERWEAR -- DON'T WORRY -- IT'LL STRETCH.
CAREFUL IT DON'T RUN DOWN ON YOUR SHOES! CHRIST, THEY COST OVER FORTY BUCKS!
NO PAPER OUT HERE, KIDDO...
...IT'S DRIP DRY.
ALL SET?
AND OFF YOU GO.
CAMPER©85

Irene

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strange sound of pulling, unsticking of a pair of legs that had been glued together too long. "Ask for my forgiveness," demanded Sister. Irene was outraged. She grabbed her thick thigh in her hand, twisting hard each fold. Her hand moved upward towards Sister's pubic hairs.

"That's disgusting. Don't you have any shame," scolded a raspy, unfamiliar voice. "Who the hell . . . ," Irene managed to choke out. "Don't 'who the hell me,' bitch." Irene could not find the body with the raspy voice. "Over here, sweeeeet—haaaaartt." And there she was, sitting on Irene's radiator, sizzling hot. "How the hell did you get in here. I closed the door myself and the fuckin sister here locked it." The woman made eyes at the window. "The Window?" Suddenly, everything in the room disappeared: the posters, the pillows, Harriet the journal, and especially Sister Barbara, everything that is except the dark, well oiled body of a woman sitting on the radiator surrounded by the color blue. "What power!" shrieked Irene.

Her body glistened in its own light. The room reeked of sandalwood. The woman began to move — cat-like at first. She crawled on the floor. Around her waist and vagina was a black leather chastity belt. A leather strap surrounded her breast and back. Silver and emerald studs lined the belt and the strap. They were millions of eyes peering through Irene. The woman slowly stood up touching each part of her body with her hands, large almost enormous hands. First her feet, her calves, her thighs, her vagina, her protruding strong stomach, and her breasts. Her fingers circled her breasts several times.

"Pull up to my bumper, baby . . . " she began to sing.

"Ohhhh, no, no Grace. How bout Walkin In The Rain?"

A whip blew into Grace's hand. She began to sing as she paced the room, like a caged panther only without the cage. Sometimes she would stop, crack the whip and smile an incredible toothy large smile. Sometimes she would stare hard and long. Sometimes she would turn her back, sliding the whip with both hands, through the crack of her buttocks. Her backside was firm and strong and twisted and twinged with its own emotional rhythms.

Grace stopped less and danced more. Her body contorted, crawled, and spasmed. It was soaked and wet. She made it rain inside. Possessed by her body and song, her movement transformed into a ritualistic dance. Faster and wilder, she undulated, kicked and screamed. Irene could no longer follow the rhythms. It was some ancient dance.

A penetrating, loud voice broke the moment. "Spread your legs, bitch." Irene was paralyzed. "I said, spread your legs, bitch!" It was difficult to spread because the inside of her legs stuck together. She spread further and to her embarrassment, the fouton was soaked with come. She wanted to retreat and close her legs but the whip snapped and a smile appeared.

"I love it," she hummed. And she opened her mouth wide and flicked her tongue like a snake that was about to pounce. She dropped her whip and her body made loud, eerie sounds like some extinct animal that returned only to exist here and now. There was choking and gurgling, cat screams and bird songs, hyena laughs and deep saddening wails from a mother lion. She rushed Irene, held apart her thighs with a hard strength in the palms of her extra large hands. Irene grabbed Grace's hair and began jerking and rising to the sounds.

"Show me how much you want me!" Grace tempted. And Irene began to cry and scream but could not find the words. She just grabbed the dark woman's thick curly hair and pulled harder and harder while her body convulsed with want. And then, a soft tongue came between her legs, slurping long and large from the ass to the clitoris, licking her clitoris in circles, fluttering and licking around and around. It curled and hardened at the same time. Irene found herself paralyzed again. The tongue was inside her vagina and Grace's mouth pulled her pubic hairs and bit into her flesh. The tongue was out and in, out and in. Irene came and then came again.

Grace retrieved her whip and whipped her once or twice. "You whore. I can't believe you want more. Turn over. I said turn over." Irene lay on her chest. Grace jumped on her ass and pulled her hair. "I am the amazon queen. And you are my horse. If you do not obey, I will beat you into submission." She whipped her and began to ride around the blue room. Irene felt the leather and studs dig between her buttocks. It hurt like hell. She nayed. Grace began to go faster and faster. She was carried away with herself.

"I am the amazon warrior. All beg for me to ride them. Faster. Faster!" Grace was madly riding. Irene provided a bumpy ride. Grace's come slid from the spaces in her chastity belt. It smelled sweet and strong, and it was being rubbed and churned by the leather belt into Irene. She could hardly stand it. She nayed and screamed in pain. Irene kept screaming until she burst into tears. Her back suddenly became light. When she turned around, Grace disappeared outside the window as quickly as she had come.

Irene's mind was fully exhausted but her body was

Irene

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still writhing with want. She masturbated herself until the sandalwood left the room and a funny burning smell took over. Her body was on fire. No. No. It wasn't her body. Shit, fuckin shit, it was the Swansons pot pie. She rushed to rescue it from the oven but it was too late. Anyway her hunger faded away into more powerful emotions and dinner seemed a trivial afterthought.

It was not until sometime after midnight that Irene finally crawled into her bed. It took her some time to find Deitrich who was hiding in a pile of clothes in the closet. Irene wasn't sure if it was the smoke from the pot pie or the noises from her spirit room that scared her. Irene took her favorite new book to bed, *The Magnificent Spinster*. May Sarton was finally coming out and so was Deitrich for that matter. Deitrich jumped on her breast to join Irene in the reading. She licked and purred a sweet lullabye. Irene laid *The Magnificent Spinster* beside her. She imagined an older, softer body next to hers. And together the magnificent Spinster, Deitrich and Irene fell into sweet, wet dreams.

to be continued — stay tuned for Irene's hot and heavy dream plus Irene's hotter and heavier real dream girl

. . . . . .

Uncivil War

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will interpret this law. Judges rely on legal precedent and laws designed to protect the interests of a white male propertied class in a system structured by men. One of the interests to be protected is the sexual subservience of women. Unless feminist laws are given a feminist legal, political and cultural context, they exist only in the abstract. By using this law, we are giving power to the state, not women, to make more decisions about women. In an area where even feminists cannot agree on the meaning of a sexually explicit image, it is a serious mistake to give that control to the judiciary. This is especially true since the proposed law does not restrict who can initiate suit the feminists who understand the abstract intent of the law. By encouraging conservatives and the courts to restrict expression, we jeopardize our own expressions and our ability to create our own sexual culture.

The second mistake of the anti-pornography feminists is that through promotion of this ordinance, they predetermined a politically correct sexuality which immediately dichotomized the feminist community. Anybody who opposed or even questioned the ordinance was called pro-porn and categorized as a selfish practitioner of patriarchal forms of oppressive sex such as sadomasochism. While unorthodox feminists recognize that much male produced pornography is highly offensive, harsh delineations and judgments forced many into antithetical camps. By the absurdly reductionist and monolithic standards of the anti-pornography feminists, sex as we know it today is male-defined and based on power and objectifiction. Patriarchal definitions of women and women's sexuality perpetuate women's oppression. This inequality distorts most sexual activities. Taken to the logical conclusion, all sex must conform to a politically correct version of sexuality (albeit boring) or be eradicated. Separating sexual activities into the acceptable and unacceptable, denies the erotic. Sex becomes ambiguous, charged and anxiety-ridden.

Sexual pleasure involves risk. It is play, created out of what we already know, do or fear. Good sex can include deliberate tension, objectification, fantasies, surprise and an exchange of power. An honest and careful analysis of sex confronts the possibility of pain and the obfuscation of boundaries — both physical and emotional. Sex also involves the ability and fear of letting go, and a power dynamic between our sexual partners and ourselves. Society — the human condition of people interacting with others — always involves the give and take of power. Even in the feminist utopia where you give and take in equal amounts, power is involved: the power to deny and the power to give in great quantities, long and hard. Even characterized as a patriarchal impulse, it is wrong to assert that power can be used to harm. By the same reasoning, objectification in and of itself is not inherently bad. It is only when objectification is taken to the extremes seen under patriarchy and capitalism that it becomes inimical and demeaning. Objectification has a place in sexual pleasure. For example, it is a sexual high to know that you are desired, especially when you also feel safe. It reaffirms your sexuality and makes you feel good. Under the anti-pornography analysis, even masturbation becomes taboo unless it can occur without fantasy, since fantasy often includes power plays and objectification. We are left with only celibacy. For unorthodox feminists, this denial of the erotic is unacceptable.

For very different reasons, cultural violence and sex are frightening realities of women's lives. By confusing the two, the proponents of the anti-pornography laws have alienated and angered many of their former allies from the early days of the women's movement. Our struggles should be directed at actual violence and more ubiquitous examples of cultural misogyny rather than on images in sex magazines. We need to enforce current laws which deal with violence and offer education which takes the heroism out of violence. We also need to free sex from state control through the decriminalization of prostitution and sodomy. Rather than create laws which assume that women are victims of sex and require more protection. Anti-pornography laws worsen the situation of poor women, women of color, single

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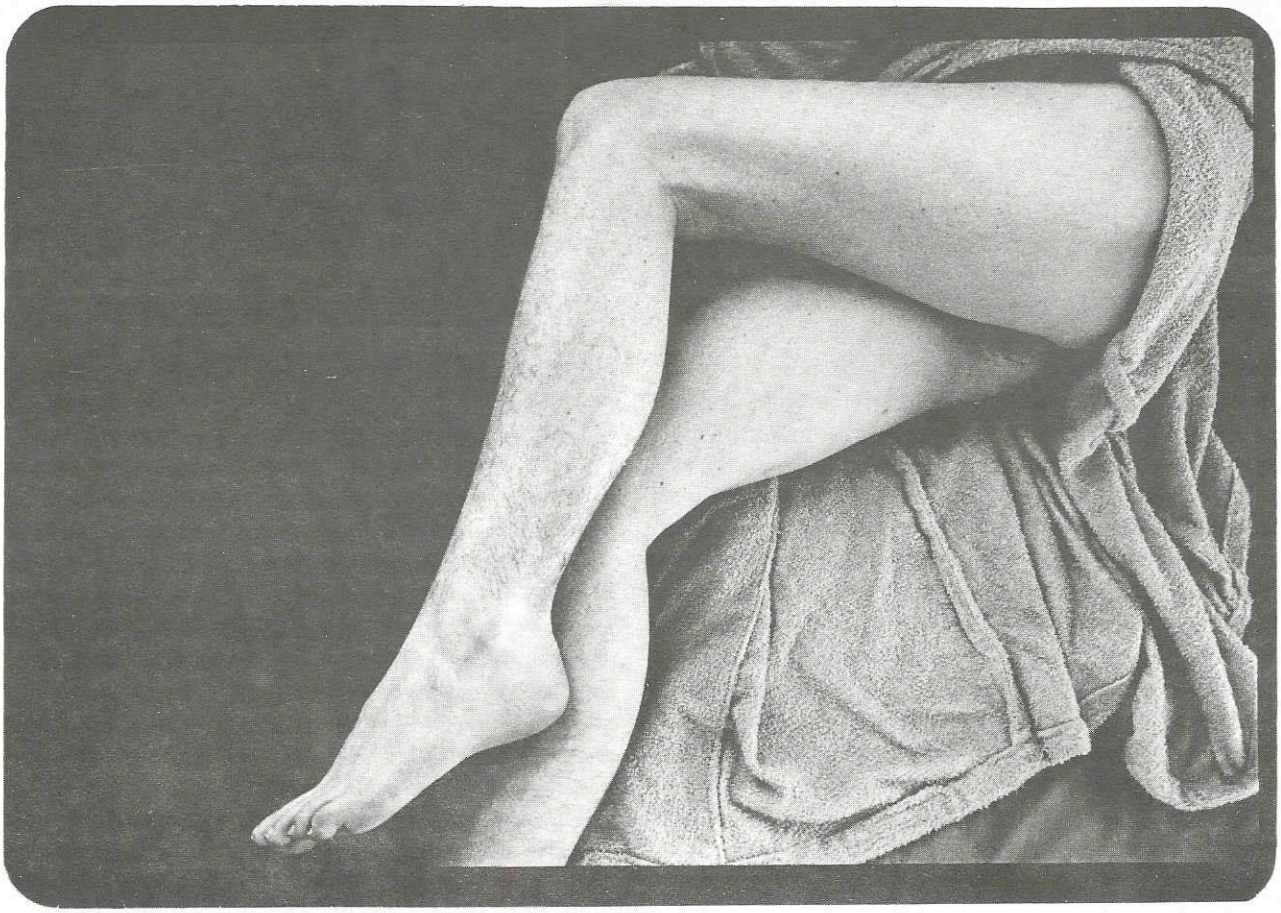

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Uncivil War

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mothers and lesbians, women who have to turn to the sex industry when economic recessions, cutbacks in social services and the reverse of affirmative action programs affect their lives. This protectionist legislation fits right into the conservative agenda to clean up this country by eliminating immoral sexuality and the sex industries, and to put women back in their traditional roles.

Liberation is the freedom from control of other forces, including the absolutist notions of the feminist sexual moralists. Feminism should be creating safe space for women to say what has not been said, to admit and discuss things that do not fit neatly into a patriarchal or feminist status quo. This era of the women's movement started out with consciousness-raising groups; it seems to be ending with a gag patrol. Feminism should offer us choices. A feminist analysis of sex should break out of the bonds which have confined us and get beyond the dictates of gender boundaries. Serious challenge to the subordination of women includes how we dress and act, investigating our choices in movies and products. It means exploring our desires in all of their tawdry manifestations. Embracing sexuality as an integral and healthy part of our existence means twisting taboos and actively seeking titillation, without guilt. We must be intrepid explorers of our sexuality, in control even when out of control. We must demand sex on our terms. If those terms involve using pornography or creating sexually explicit material for women spectators, we must have the right to make that choice. For it is at that point that we can start to separate the issues of violence and the subjugation of women from the issue of pornography.

Text of the Proposed Anti-Pornography Law

This version was recently defeated as a referendum.

A Bill to Amend Chapter 25, "Human Rights," of the City of Cambridge by Adding Pornography as Sex Discrimination.

Section 1: DEFINITION: §E of Chapter 25, "Human Rights," shall be amended to add:

(15)(a) *Pornography* is the graphic sexually explicit subordination of women through pictures and/or words that also includes one or more of the following: (i) women are presented dehumanized as sexual objects, things or commodities; or (ii) women are presented as sexual objects who enjoy pain or humiliation; or (iii) women are presented as sexual objects who experience sexual pleasure in being raped; or (iv) women are presented as sexual objects tied up or cut up or mutilated or bruised or physically hurt; or (v) women are presented in postures of sexual submission, servility, or display; or (vi) women's body parts — including but not limited to vaginas, breasts, or buttocks — are exhibited such that women are reduced to those parts; or (vii) women are presented as whores by nature; or (viii) women are presented as being penetrated by objects or animals; or (ix) women are presented in scenarios of degradation, injury, torture, shown as filthy or inferior, bleeding, bruised or hurt in a context that makes these conditions sexual.

(b) The use of men, children, or transsexuals in the place of women in (a) above is also pornography for purposes of this ordinance.

Section 2: HARMFUL ACTS: §8A of Chapter 25, "Human Rights," shall be amended to add:

(18.) It shall be sex discrimination through pornography to engage in any of the following activities:

a. *Coercion into pornography:* To coerce, intimidate, or fraudulently induce (hereafter, "coerce") any person, including transsexual, into performing for pornography, which injury may date from any appearance or sale of any product(s) of such performance(s). Complaint(s) may be made against the maker(s), seller(s), exhibitor(s) and/or distributor(s) of said pornography, including to eliminate the product(s) of the performance(s) from the public view.

Proof of one or more of the following acts or conditions shall not, without more, negate a finding of coercion:

(i) that the person is a woman; or

(ii) that the person is or has been a prostitute; or

(iii) that the person has attained the age of majority; or

(iv) that the person is connected by blood or marriage to anyone involved in or related to the making of the pornography; or

(v) that the person has previously had, or been thought to have had, sexual relations with anyone, including anyone involved in or related to the making of the pornography; or

(vi) that the person has previously posed for sexually explicit pictures with or for anyone, including anyone involved in or related to the making of the pornography at issue; or

(vii) that anyone else, including a spouse or other relative, has given permission on the person's behalf; or

(viii) that the person actually consented to a use of the performance that is changed into pornography; or

(ix) that the person knew that the purpose of the acts or events in question was to make pornography; or

(x) that the person showed no resistance or appeared to cooperate actively in the photographic sessions or in the events that produced the pornography; or

(xi) that the person signed a contract, or made statements affirming a willingness to cooperate in the production of pornography; or

(xii) that no physical force, threats, or weapons were used in the making of the pornography; or

(xiii) that the person was paid or otherwise compensated.

b. *Trafficking in pornography:* To produce, sell, exhibit, or distribute pornography, including through private clubs.

(i) City, state, and federally funded public libraries or private and public university and college libraries in which pornography is available for study, including on open shelves but excluding special display presentations, shall not be construed to be trafficking in pornography.

(ii) Isolated passages or isolated parts shall not be actionable under this section.

(iii) Any woman has a claim hereunder as a woman acting against the subordination of women. Any man, child, or transsexual who alleges injury by pornography in the way women are injured by it also has a claim.

c. *Forcing pornography on a person*: To force pornography on a person, including child or transsexual, in any place of employment, education, home, or public place. Complaint(s) may be made against the perpetrator of the force and/or institution responsible for the force only.

d. *Assault or physical attack due to pornography*: To assault, physically attack, or injure any person, including child or transsexual, in a way that is directly caused by specific pornography. Complaint(s) may be made against the perpetrator of the assault or attack and/or against the maker(s), distributor(s), seller(s), and/or exhibitor(s) of the specific pornography.

e. *Defenses*: It shall not be a defense to an action under (18)a-d that the defendant did not know or intend that the materials were pornography or sex discrimination.

No damages or compensation for losses shall be recoverable under 18(b), or other than against the perpetrator of the assault or attack under 18(d), unless the defendant knew or had reason to know that the materials were pornography.

In actions under 18(b) or other than against the perpetrator of the assault or attack under 18(d), no damages or compensation or losses shall be recoverable against maker(s) for pornography made, against distributor(s) for pornography distributed, against seller(s) for pornography sold, or against exhibitor(s) for pornography exhibited, prior to the effective date of this law.

Section 3: RELIEF: § D.(4.) of Chapter 25, "Human Rights," shall be amended to add:

c. (i) In actions under Sec. 18(b), and other than against the perpetrator of the assault or attack under 18(d), no temporary or permanent injunction shall issue prior to a final judicial determination that the challenged activities constitute a violation of this ordinance.

(ii) No temporary or permanent injuction shall extend beyond such material(s) that, having been described with reasonable specificity by the injunction, have been determined to be validly proscribed under this law.

f. Civil damages, including punitive and compensatory, as well as reasonable attorneys fees, costs, and disbursements, shall be available as relief for violations of Sections 18 (a-d), notwithstanding any limitations as may be imposed or implied by Sections 4 (a) (b) or (e) herein.

Doctor

continued from p. 7

her thumb found my clit and flick-stroked it in time with her fingers. I was out of control now, my legs thrashing, the crescendo building in me. She was breathing heavily, her hair against my buttocks, as she tongued my ass, her left arm pressing my writhing body down, her right hand increasing its strokes in and out of my vagina. She sensed that I was peaking and removed her hand from between my legs. She continued to lightly tongue my asshole, while her hand stroked now my buttocks, now the backs of my thighs. Finally, she lifted herself up.

I did not move. I was completely open to her, waiting, wanting. Once again, I felt the coldness of the lubricating jelly on my anus. All was silence now, and waiting. She rubbed the jelly in, then stopped, her fingertips pressed against me. She entered me in one swift motion, her fingers filling me. The fingers and thumb of her left hand rested against my clit. Slowly and gently at first, she thumbed my clit and stroked inside my ass. Her strokes grew more rapid, until finally, she was putting all her force into her strokes, ramming inside of me harder and harder, her fingers on my clit moving faster and faster. I came, moaning and writhing. It seemed like forever. She stayed in me and with me throughout, riding me, holding me. Finally, when I had stopped moving and my breathing had begun to quiet, she gently withdrew her fingers from my ass, and removed her hand from beneath me. She stroked my buttocks and legs, with long, calming motions, all the while silent. She pressed her lips to the arch of my buttocks, then raised the table, so that I was no longer in the inverted position. As I lifted myself up, and looked at her, she smiled at me, her face flushed, her eyes snapping with amusement.

"How did you like *this* workshop on lesbian sexuality?"she asked, grinning.

Tips

continued from p. 10

"If you want it you'll have to beg for it," I tell her. She says she'll never give in to me. That possibility increases my need for her. Then she says that she can't wait a moment longer. She begs. She wants me. She has to have it now. I want to bring her to those exquisitely vulnerable places. I want to push her limits to intensify that need. And I want to satisfy it.

The hottest pornography I've read has mystery or danger or something taboo about it. The characters are often strangers to each other or, if not, they have crossed a forbidden boundary to fuck. Most importantly, there is no possibility of relationship after sex. I don't like anonymous sex in real life. But porn isn't real life and I want it to be as fantastical and improbable as possible. In my sexual imagination I can have perfect sex and romance and mystery. I can break taboos and risk danger without consequence. When my girlfriend and I fuck we sometimes pretend that I've picked her up in the bar for a one night stand, or that she's a straight woman who through unusual circumstances is innocently sharing my bed, or that I've kidnapped her, or that she's entered my bedroom window in the middle of the night. Sometimes we're both straight women having our first lesbian sex.

Maybe those of us who are budding lesbian pornographers can take some tips from the boys. We can throw out the things that are truly offensive but we can play with their language as well as invent our own. We can have tits and cunt and pussy and hot, throbbing clits pounding against each other. We can have open, wet, pulsating cunts that suck our fingers in. We can have huge clits too and swinging tits and mystery and danger and anonymity. We can have fantasy worlds where we don't have to worry about relationships or conflicts or what we do for work . . . fantasy worlds where sex and bodies and the satisfaction of lust is primary.

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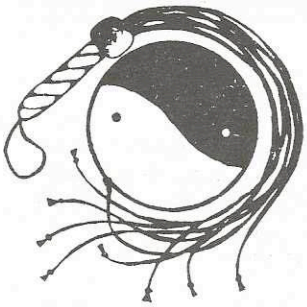

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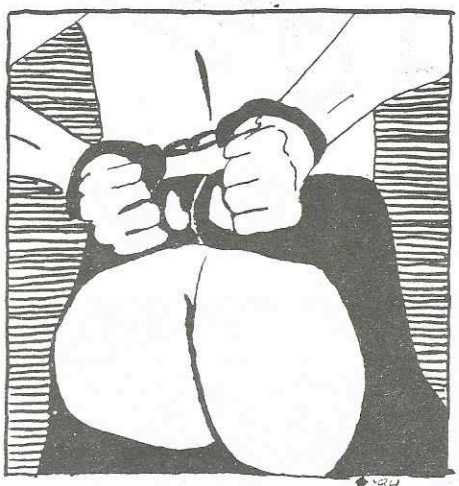

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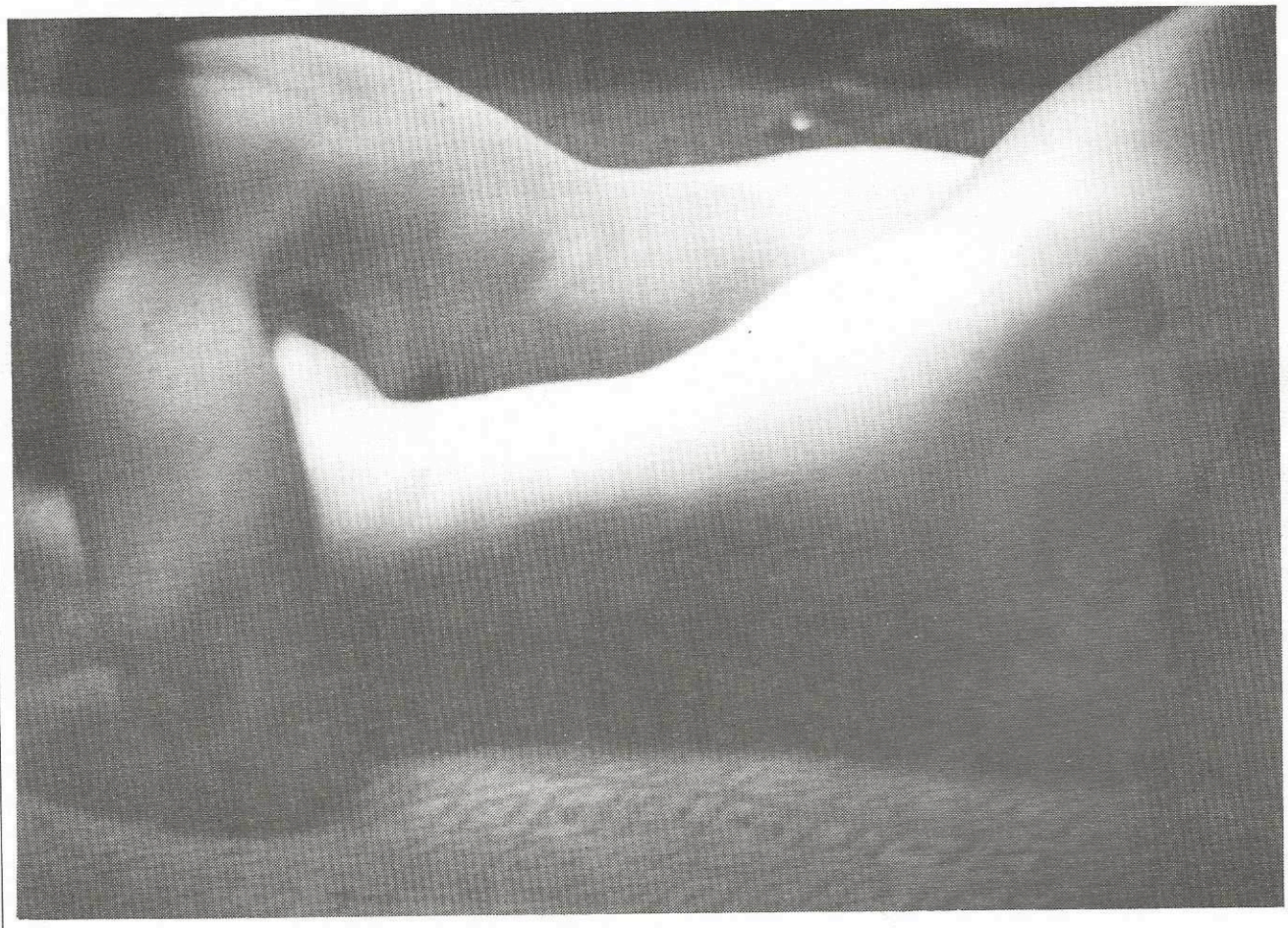

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